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QUAD

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The editor thanks all whose cooperation made this year's task pleasurable. The newly appointed editor for next year is Miss Sally Alexander. By action of the Publications Board, the editorship of QUAD will be an elective office beginning next year.

--- D. Vest

SARTRE'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY: A Comment

by Mary Charles Lucas

A few years ago Jean-Paul Sartre wrote a unique biography of his fellow author and close friend, Jean Genet, a study amazing in its psychological penetration into the subject's complex and abnormal personality. Genet is a self-proclaimed pervert and thief; Sartre probed into the writer's childhood remembrances and circumstances to disclose the forces that shaped the present man. And now, in THE WORDS *(Les Mots)*, the first volume of his autobiography, Sartre takes this same keenly analytical approach to his own beginnings to discover the reasons behind his "long love affair with the printed word."

Sartre's father died shortly after his son's birth, a most agreeable arrangement to the author as it at once freed him from the burden that all living fathers place upon their sons by their very existence and influence. He argues that each man is in reality only acting in the name of another — his father — and giving orders and demanding obedience only because these were inflicted early upon him. And because no such authority dominated his childhood, Sartre comments, "Never in my life have I given an order without laughing . . . It is because I am not consumed with the canker of power: I was not taught obedience."

After his father's death, the child Jean-Paul and his mother Anne Marie returned to live with her parents; she soon regained her minority in spite of her son, and the two "grew up" together almost as brother and sister. They occupied the same room, were equally denied any measure of autonomy, and were both subject to the tyrannical grandfather, Charles Schweitzer, a brother to Albert. But whereas Anne Marie soon faded back into respectable widowhood and was effectively forgotten, the grandson was prized highly by all the vociferous Schweitzer family, principally as an object of praise and a participant in the continual family play-acting, Charles Schweitzer did actually love his grandson, but he loved even more playing the proud grandfather who adored and was captivated by his charming grandchild.

Sartre was raised in a bourgeoise home pervaded with the veneration of intellectuality; his grandfather was a professor of German and French, and having himself published a textbook, early decided that little Jean-Paul would grow up to be a writer. Words written were highly revered; the boy found himself portentiously pretending to read the great books in Charles' library before he had learned his alphabet. And he struggled through Corneille and Hugo long before he was capable of assimilating them because he was praised for his "precocious intellect;" indeed, he would position himself with his ponderous volume in an obviously dim corner of the study, there to be "surprised" by his grandmother and her friends, and admonished for endangering his eyesight by such literary zeal.

When tutoring had proved disagreeable to all involved, Charles Schweitzer was finally compelled to place his grandson in a public school. The family found out to their horror that the young prodigy could barely write and spell. He was, in a way far ahead of his peers as far as exposure to the classics, but sadly behind them in more common developments. Rejected by his contemporaries, still idolized by his relatives, the young Sartre gradually became aware of the stifling pretentiousness which pervaded his life, his actual superfluity, the needlessness of his existence. To feel necessary became an incessant craving for him: and his literary explorations had, if nothing else, convinced him that writers were *needed* people, people who made definite and valuable contributions to society and culture.

So Jean-Paul Sartre decided to become a writer, a dealer in the words that he loved, both to pay homage to the bourgeoise god called "Progress" and to prove himself needed; since then he has abandoned the earlier motive, and the act of writing has possessed him with a relentless power. He put away his childish novels of escape and pseudo-heroism, and began to deal instead with the everyday heroism demanded by man's unique position of freedom. Where he was once propelled by the idea that all things should be progressing toward an attainable perfection, a materialistic bourgeoise concept, he is now drawn by the desire for immediate and continual self-fulfillment. Of his belief in writing as a means of self-salvation, he says, "I was taught Sacred History, the Gospel, and the catechism without being given the means for believing. The result was a disorder which became my particular order . . . removed from Catholicism, the sacred was deposited in belles-lettres and the penman appeared, an *ersatz* of the Christian that I was unable to be: his sole concern was salvation . . . " Sartre exchanged a hope of eternal life for the need of earthly necessity; and he justifies his existence to himself, his most severe judge, by his continuous involvement with the words.

■ ■ ■

PRELUDE TO VICTORY

by Kendal Weaver

Brandish now the irons of war,
Step swift across the darkened plain.
Scream light,
give light with claps of thunder
Peeling dawn,
then night again.
Fear not the edge of silver gliding
Through the warm and tender vein,
Nor the sound of gray skulls splitting,
Showering
drops of ruby rain.
Come,
Come young Son of War,
Rise up. Face now the task
That rests eternal --- Rise!
Face the day that wears no mask.
Do not slumber with the ease
Of eyes closed in the lull of day,
For now the air is thick with heat
Of flesh laid bare on sticks and clay.
Look up:
The dust blows fast against
The burning clouds whirling down the field.
So rush, young Son of War ---
Arise to gain your armor and your shield.

But while the herald sounded clear
Across the timeless land and sea,
Faint moans of pity filled the air
Like whispers from eternity.
For there,
With no power, a fated corpse,
Young Son of War, turned in that place.
Black swollen eyes, red slashes
Streaking down his ashen face.
In pools of blood on black damp soil
Young Son of War lay cold and white.
His open mouth called not a word
To questions seething in the night.

And far above,
the silent moon
Waxed white against the umber sky.

FUGITIVES AND AGRARIANS

by Carey Thomas Hinds

INTRODUCTION

Few Southerners are aware of the great impact which men in their midst have had on modern literary development. To the popular mind, and often even to the student, the modern world of letters is synonymous with men such as T. S. Eliot, W. B. Yeats, Robert Frost, Dylan Thomas and other products of another region. The contributions of Southerners to this world is frequently either overlooked or at best not fully appraised.

There remains, however, the fact that during the early 1920's a group of men came together at Vanderbilt University, and from their association stemmed much of the thought which underlies modern critical theory as well as the "modern style" of writing. This group, the Fugitives, had as their objective the re-orienting of Southern letters to keep pace with a changing world. But while accomplishing this objective they also made a significant contribution to the re-orientation of letters in general.

One indication of this is that in 1922, the year Eliot's "The Wasteland" was published, the Vanderbilt group began publishing their magazine of verse, "The Fugitive." Both Eliot and the Fugitives were concerned with the "alienation of modern man;" both expressed the need for an historical vision — the consciousness of the past in the present. Eliot had arrived at his conception of this need through an exposure to the Imagists and the works of the Metaphysicals. The Fugitives received their impetus from a concern about the Southern literature of the time which, by reverencing a past that had never been . . . one of moonlight and magnolias . . . abstracted experience to the point of sterility. It was their desire to come to grips with the *true* past, the real tradition in which they shared, and underlying this desire was the belief that modern man's dilemma was based on the lack of an historical vision. Thus the Fugitives and Eliot had a common concern and were concurrently engaged in exploring the same problem. It is perhaps the fact that the Fugitives dealt first with the particular problem of the South, as opposed to Eliot's dealing with the general problem of modern man, that delayed the recognition of them as spokesmen for their time.

However, long before Eliot published "The Wasteland," the men who were to become the Fugitives had been meeting together for "open end" discussions. In 1915 the nucleus of the group began to assemble frequently at the home of Sidney Hirsch, himself not a student at Vanderbilt, but a gifted, articulate, if rather eccentric, young man. His talent lay in his ability to inspire others to creative activity, and those who initially responded to this talent were John Crowe Ransom; Donald Davidson; Stanley Johnson; Walter Clyde Curry . . . all instructors in the Vanderbilt English department; William Yandell Elliott, later a professor of government at Harvard; and Alec Brock Stephenson, who became an investment banker in Nashville.

After the interruption of World War I, during which time Ransom published *Poems About God*, the group reformed in 1919 and in addition to the discussions, began exchanging verses for critical analysis. In 1921, Allen Tate, an undergraduate, joined the group and provided the others with the most complete knowledge of modern poetry among them. The next year, 1922, saw the inauguration of their magazine, and during its period of publication, 1922-1925, Robert Penn Warren, Merrill Moore, Jesse Wills, William Frierson, Ridley Wills, and Laura Riding were added to the roster of the group.

The life of "The Fugitive" was brief, but its publication ended only because the more active editors became too busy with their own work to edit a magazine. However, the association of the Fugitives who were to continue seriously their writing did not end, and it is this fact which makes the Fugitives unique. For Ransom, Davidson, Tate and Warren were also formulators and contributors to the Agrarian movement of the 1930's and the New Criticism movement of the 1940's. Both of these movements were "variations on a theme," the theme of modern man and his relation to the society of which he is a part and his expression of this relation. "The Fugitive" had dealt with the South's failure to adequately and and truthfully express this relation in its literature; the New Criticism was concerned with the methods by which writers in general could best express this relation. In the following essay I have attempted to show how the Agrarian movement formed a natural link between these other two by isolating the reasons for the South's ineffectiveness and thereby making it possible to isolate the problems which all contemporary writers must face.

In a world of Fugitives
The person taking the opposite direction
Will appear to run away.

from Part II, *Family Reunion*
by T. S. Eliot

The above quote, more successfully than any exposition I have

read, seems to embody the spirit of the "flight" these writers, teachers, and students took with the inaugural issue of their magazine at Vanderbilt in 1922. True, in this issue they proclaimed, "The "Fugitive" flees from nothing faster than from the high-caste Brahmins of the Old South." Yet in no sense were these men running *away* from these traditional purveyors of culture. In reality they were confronting them, challenging the long-entrenched literary doctrines to an overdue reckoning, bent on re-orienting the mind of the mind of the South to face its present situations.

In so re-orienting the South, they also hoped to accomplish a similar readjustment in the manner in which the South was regarded by the rest of the country. H. L. Mencken had labeled the South in 1917 as the "Sahara of the Bozart," and if the Fugitives did not consciously reply to this particular accusation, it was certainly to widely-held opinions like this that they spoke. With the inauguration of the "Fugitive" they acknowledged the truth of this opinion, yet were also in a positive way refuting its continuing truth. The magazine itself was proof that the South was a vital part of the world and had as much to offer as Mr. Mencken's "Smart Set."

Thus the primary task of the Fugitives during the life of their magazine (1922-1925) was to contradict the conception of Southern literature as a record of a never-never-land where the scent of magnolia blossoms purified the air, safely enveloping the lives of plantation owners in a world of sweetness and light which precluded any truly meaningful thoughts. This was in essence a defensive move, designed to meet legend with fact, to show that there were writers from the South who were not interested in harking back to the "good old days" for the purpose of fostering this idealization.

John Crowe Ransom was the unofficial (the "Fugitive" had no named editor until its last issues when Donald Davidson, for organizational reasons, assumed that title) leader of the group. He was at that time the only published member of the staff, and the oldest, having graduated from Vanderbilt in 1909. He was then on the English faculty there, where he was to remain until persuaded by Robert Frost in 1937 to go to Kenyon — in order to start the highly-respected "Kenyon Review." His influence, in his poetic method which relies heavily on irony and Latinate phrasing, and from his exposure both to the world outside the South and to other poets while at oxford as a Rhodes Scholar, was a predominant, recognizable factor in much of the poetry of the other members of the group. It was Ransom whose concern for the state of letters in the South, expressed in the classroom and to other staff members, was to be communicated to the sixteen future members of the "Fugitive." And it was he who became the uniting force between Donald Davidson, Allen Tate, and Robert Penn Warren in later off-shoots of the Fugitive movement.

The "Fugitive," born in the informal, discursive atmosphere of weekly gatherings at the home of Sidney Hirsch, a much-traveled, mystic-etymologist, met with little encouragement initially from the University. Dr. Edwin Mins, head of the English department, tried to talk Ransom out of the venture by saying that if their writing were good enough they could be published in the Eastern journals, a reaction caused by his belief that culture should be exported from the South in order to elicit a changed attitude to the South in the country at large. This was exactly what the Fugitives did not want. They were very definitely not expatriates, and wanted foremost to change the cultural complexion of the South from within. From this they felt a re-evaluation of the South by the Eastern journals would naturally follow.

And this belief proved itself, not only in the years of the "Fugitive," but in the succeeding decades when the Southern contribution to literary and social criticism became a leading voice in the modern world of letters. And because at least four of the original Fugitives have maintained primary roles in the expressions of and about this world, the "Fugitive's" attempt to revitalize a culture in the South has had its most significant impact far beyond the artificial bounds provided by the Mason-Dixon line.

It is this impact, initiated by the much misunderstood Agrarian movement, that claims most of my attention. Although only four of the twelve men who contributed to the Agrarian manifesto, *I'll Take My Stand,* may properly be considered Fugitives (Ransom, Tate, Davidson, and Warren), the idea and tone of the whole movement were products of these four men and their association on the "Fugitive." As Louise Cowan states in *The Fugitive Group.* "It was only through breaking with "Southern Literature" as it was then so piously conceived, that they could find the way to realize was the genuine Southern traditon" (p. 125).

If the publication of the "Fugitive" had been a defensive move, the Agrarian movement was an offensive one. The only trouble that this brought was the fact that so many people, reading *I'll Take My Stand* and other essays of the Agrarians (the name was adopted to refer to their position in what they called the "debate between Agrarianism and Industrialism) misunderstood just exactly *what* they were advocating. In *Epitaph for Dixie,* Henry Ashmore stated, "The Agrarians offer an excellent example of the Southern's remarkable capacity for unreality, which still enables him to hold out against the logic and argument of events." It is obvious that Ashmore and many

others like him wondered at what seemed to be a complete reversal among particularly those who had been connected with the "Fugitive." For had not the "Fugitive" been opposed to the "unreality" of the South? Did not these men now seem to advocate a reverence of an order that could not possibly provide the South with the economic and social structure which would be necessary in order to insure her Progress?

What the critics of Agrarianism, and notably the critics from the South itself, failed to observe was just this; the Agrarian movement was born of the "Fugitive" and was not, as was thought, an ungrateful child; rather, as Louise Cowan's quote implied, it was a direct result of the search for the *reality* of the Southern tradition. The cause of Agrarianism, as had been the cause of the "Fugitive," was a literary one, and if this first cause had entailed a re-evaluation of its environment, then this secondary cause must be acknowledged in the light of its application to the primary objective.

It is here that Eliot's quotation has its most relevance. The Agrarians *seemed* to run away, but this was only the opinion of those who themselves had altered their manner of life, who had somehow left behind the values of the Old South (left them as it were in the hands of those like Thomas Nelson Page who considered the Old South the "sweetest, purest, most beautiful civilization") to adhere to the New South which was bent on assuming an identity with the rest of the nation in its search for Progress through industrialization. To the Agrarians, in making the transition from Old to New South, many of the strong qualities of mind and spirit which had made the South distinctive would, of necessity, disappear — as they had already begun to do. The question became more than one of what was being run away from. It now involved *who* was doing the running.

Because the cause of Agrarianism was primarily a literary one, the focus of *I'll Take My Stand* was the effect of industrialization on the arts, through industrialization's impact of the environment of the arts, and in this statement of Donald Davidson in that book may be found the economic and social references which resulted in the charges of "anti-Progress," "Neo-Confederates," and "Escapists" against the Agrarians, "Art depends on a right attitude toward nature and on free, disinterested observation of nature that occurs only in leisure. Neither creation nor understanding of art is possible in an industrial age except through the suspension of the industrial drive, for a general decay of sensibility occurs in industrialism."

The critics of Agrarianism interpreted this as implying a wholesale abolition of industry, as advocating a return to "horse and buggy" days. What they overlooked was that the Agrarians were searching for a balance between man's economics and his moral nature, this balance being, in the Agrarians' opinion, "the essence of tradition." As Ransom stated, "What is needed is a return to an antimaterialistic tradition under which the Southerner may envelope both his work and play with a leisure which permits the activity of intelligence . . . in a completely comfortable and rural sort of establishment." There was in no sense a complete disavowal of the necessary part industry played in providing man with a standard of living that *could* offer him the chance to gird his activity with intelligence. The point to be recognized here is that industry had "overplayed" its hand, and did so at the expense of a scheme of values whose loss meant the loss of a stability and uniqueness that had once characterized the Southern tradition.

This whole concept of a balance between man's economics and his moral nature became during the '30's a problem confronting more than just the Agrarians. It was, in fact, to become a continuing thread in literature, still manifesting itself today (cf. the poetry of Robert Lowell). The particular factor which distinguished the Agrarian movement was its reference to a social structure and values thereof that could be isolated and characterized with some real meaning to modern-day Southern Society. Here again occurred a problem with regard to the New South's conception of its past.

Because the Agrarians were speaking to a society raised on the vision of the Old South as revealed by Thomas Nelson Page and the like, it was necessary for any sort of communication to these people to outline what the particular aspects of the Southern tradition were that should be retained. And it was this that forced the Agrarians to extend their concern into the social and economic realm, taking very definite stands with regard to the kind of society which could best support the kind of culture they felt necessary to a meaningful existence. Once this position is understood, however, the feeling of absoluteness in their doctrine becomes one of degree, and it is in this manner that I believe the Agrarians would have their "manifesto" understood.

The Agrarians were not turning to the past in order to escape the problems of the present. They were seeking in the past an example; in regard to social and economic concerns, the example of the reliance of man on nature and man on man; in regard to literature, the example of a continuing unity of experience which would be provided by the acknowledgement of an intellectual heritage. The Agrarians fully believed that in such an example resided the possibility of a *South*, neither completely New nor Old, yet which combined the best of both the worlds in such a way as to offer its people the means to a completely meaningful existence.

GAZELLE DANCE

by John York Foust

In the grace of a dream
gazelles leap --- visions
drawn from the dark
wellspring of ennui.
Across the stream
they swim easily, motions
like ships to embark
gray, soft sailing to the sea.
Gazelles swim
horn-high in the grass to the hymn:
Hey, hey,
dance as high as the muscadines;
dim, dim
the current slackens now; slim
shadows leap
low now on the high hill
rising with the moon,
low now on the smooth glass
of moon, deep
as full tide; they still
move on,
leaping higher to thinner grass ---
back in dreams
darkened far past visions.

THE CITY

by Anne Cheney

INTRODUCTION

Everchanging, yet unchanging, city
Of diverse faces, combination
Of God's and man's careful design---
Thin facades imply the truth of their creations.

Light of winter day escapes from the city,
Sky of blood drips through the air.
The peace of twilight, like Christ's pity
For Nature, enfolds peoples tired with care.
Off the dingy, busy street a garden
Shyly hides. Its pebbled walkways lead me
To carved maiden of mahogony
Who steers, though blindly, to the shore beyond this sea.
Children's feet have trod before me up to
The platformed part of this place; the cross
Of four limbs draws in sturdy plants that live
Through winter's trial and summer's lack of care.

Out of the brisk chill of winter's night,
I wander into the old hotel where
Dusky gold booths with tawny walls
Glow with curving limbs of light.
Enclosed in a corner, draped with canopy,
Little rosebuds---pink and yellow---stand
In dry vases; faded murals of apples and small tree
Hang close behind tired black-suited faces.
A small woman clad in black and pearls
Fumbles through her tapestry purse
And bravely swallows a pill; for she is a part
Of this golden place where time withers, yet stays.
Here time is hoarded from two decades---
Briskly time passes, but can yellow fade?

Fading sun etches a silver streak
In murky pond where noble geese
Dip their emerald heads, while on the bank
Their dormant brown mates lie placid and meek.
A green-clad boy, clasping his soft toy bear,
Rushes and shrieks to watch the birds floating there.
Then the nervous cockatoo blinks his sooty eye
And bites his claws and shiftily views his quiet spy.
Through his barred cage, the lion blankly stares
With one still paw held outside his snare.
He quietly yawns and laps some more---
Oblivious of the human roar.
Stench and dust smudge this winter place
But life seeps through its dusky face.

Off the smoggy sidewalk, I enter
The Elite Cafe, and hang my coat
On a white wooden peg and sit in slick grey chair.
This place is bathed with grease-laden air.
Through open screen door in the smoky back room is
A wooden table stacked with coarse, fresh bread.
Beyond the window lie dingy, massed buildings,
Above them rises an old Gothic church.
A little boy gives bright, foamy glasses
To a weary, grease-spotted man and to
Crisp, thirsty youths, who chatter and laugh.
A tired, busy woman wears an ill-fitting dress,
Yet her old grey eyes light her parchment face
As she later smiles at the wilting young men.

Wind whips the night with a cold, free lash
But it cannot invade my tower.
I am enclosed by thick walls of glass,
Enmeshed in a world of soft, splendid hours.
I tread on green carpets and polished wood
And glance at a painting of a bronze-haired girl
Who carelessly holds her small costly doll;
Dots of light sprinkle the dark outside world.
Then I closely look down at stark railroad tracks
And sooty streets where men work by day.
But in these heights, glasses sparkle, silver gleams,
And red-coated men whisk ashes away.

The wind rushes through the crowded streets,
It lulls for a moment, then resumes its flight.
It brushes the window of a blue hotel
And catches the brilliance of quartz lamp light.
Wind flies over the busy street
And gasps as it bumps over a lone trolly-car track.
Over the slope, by a corner news stand,
Onward it curves across dusty road; it slacks
As it reaches a bordering town
With timeless white houses streaked with tan.
Wind ripples dry grass of the unfenced yard
And peers through the window at a small, quiet man.
The fire is ebbing, but the embers still glow.
He carefully reads and loves all that he knows.

CONCLUSION

Everchanging, yet unchanging, city
Of diverse faces, combination
Of God's and man's expressed beauty---
Thin facades reveal the truth of their creations.

RUMORS

by John York Foust

In a room of northern light
twenty years of peace
splintered, fallen dusty,
languish in the shadow
of a high-plumed Greek,
white warrior smiling,
wait for the sweeper's broom
in the night cleaning hours.
The sword, half-drawn,
grips loose to the hand,
hesitates
in a marble sheath
wrought by a gentle hammer
lain at the foot of the man.
One sharp blow
dexterously done
might spark blue
the white dead eyes
into life, into war spirit,
but the swish of the broom
is not the hammer stroke;
the scrapes of the broom,
the twenty years peace,
the idleness, the trash, the rumors.

AROUSED

---Wade Black

A shadow scene unfolds outside my window.
Dawnlight starts to filter through the velvet
Shroud of night nailed to the casement.
Color starts to creep into my yard.

On the wizened tree beside the house
A last-lone apple from a wasted branch
Rides soft the heavy air of early morning,
Paints across my window silhouette.

I can see through fence-post fingers
Purple mountains draped in morning fog.
They raise their shoulders, shrug away their cloaks,
Then yawn and rise to bear the waking sky.

A kiss of day looks sweet before my lips;
The sun, a sultry early morning harlot,
Betrays the dawn to whisper in my ear,
"Come close." Arising, I embrace the day.

william edgar naiten

TIME OF PLENTY

by John York Foust

Sometimes the day is a lingerer-on
to the very edge of the sun dome
turning like loose peel on an orange.
Lovely although in just half-light
suns gleam in a bowl grown
to the vastness of all the universe.
Boy, pull the chairs back
from the table and climb up there
and snatch food to gobble
quickly, rightly as the air
belonging also to universe, black
inner orange full of God seed.
Don't rage at your hunger, please;
grab up your crutch and hobble
up like I said as many times
as you want. Aye, aye, Tommy —
now throw me down one
slowly as my hands are not as great as some;
don't just stand there like that, Tommy;
God, put some strength behind your arm . . .
take a bite if you want; no harm
will come your way like a bat
suddenly from the sink of Hell.
Perhaps it would be better if you sat
so as not to dribble on your chin
the tears of dark oranges, deep wells,
springs of life fallen from the well
across your cheeks, your open neck of sin.

WHISKEY AND AN EGG SHELL

Eye of a room,
window west
drink December
of yonder amber;
warm, fill
your glass
with whiskey;
warm, fill
brown eyes
long gazing;
smile, retreat,
regret, close
out visions.
Window, window
face December
in sundowns
brown with hills
and hill rims
of rising wave
still wave
where suns
fold up
float down
down in whispers
pale, dry
and ragged edged
as eggs shells
left on straw.
See: December
falls into years
beyond hills
of dusk and wave
and almost sea;
reflect and know
of the ebbing of tides;
cast west
your sun
sun dream
of brighter years
and sinking hills
of brighter years
and cooler drink.

--- *John York Foust*

AUTUMNSPRING

a short story

by David C. Vest

(EDITOR'S NOTE: from Albert 768 Barhtmann's A CHILD'S HISTORY OF THE TRANSFORMATION AND RE-ASSESSMENT 1973-1996 ---------

"By Christmarx 1979 the original goals of the Transformation Party were attained; the minds of all Earthmen throughout the solar system were happily controlled and programmed by the Control Classification Men on the Computer Asteroid.

"No one knows what primitive genius conceived the Transformation; it is hard for us to realize the foresight it took to free a universe from centuries of non-progress. Both this scientist and the biologist who discovered the chemical elements that make up free will were doubtless killed by angry mobs in the Initial Riots of 1973. But before they died, they had found and put into action the transmittable energic equivalents of those chemicals.

"Thanks to their efforts, we are all thought-controlled by our own individual Tubes located on the planet of our residence. However, the first planners did not have Permanent Control Tubes; they used old-fashioned Tubes that required the presence of human operators, thus leaving wide margin for error and mechanical failure. Earth, by then a barren planet of surface-dwelling mutants and cave-dwelling experimental people, was the last world to have its Old Tubes replaced by the infallible Permanent Control Tubes. This means that until 1979 the fear of rebellion or mechanical failure that might lead to thought-freedom was still a reality."

I.

In the fifty-story metal building which housed Earth Station, seven planners from the Computer Asteroid were busily replacing the last of the Old Tubes. In two days their hazardous work would be completed, and they could all thoughtaramp up to the top floor to wait for the Warp Taxi to come from space.

Planner Three worked his Tube-Switch shift with speed and precision. At the instant the switch on the new Tube was thrown, he removed the Old Tube from its socket to prevent the sudden and horrible death of the Earthman whose mind was directed by the Tube. But suddenly his voice rang down the corridor of Tubes.

"Commander Billings! Come here!" Three stared from the Old Tube in his hand to the newly installed Permanent Tube which had failed to light up.

"What is it?" said the Commander as he paced quickly between the aisles of Tubes, his bright green uniform in dynamic contrast to the milky-gray glass all around him. "What's happened down here?"

"This Tube didn't function. We've freed a mind in one of the caves."

"Get this to Chartlab," said the Commander. "Find out who it is, what he does, which cave he's in, and how far he is from here. Take the Old Tube with you; it's useless now."

Three stepped over the thoughtaramp plate with the Tubes under his arms and disappeared. Commander Billings rubbed his chin. "Space! This can upset our whole operation!"

In fifteen minutes Three was back with his information. All seven planners stood in the lobby of the Tube Chamber.

Three looked up from his handful of punch-cards. "The subject is a stone-painter in Gamma Cave, which is two miles from here. His program number is 3346589. His mind has accidentally been released from our control."

Four removed his glasses and rubbed his eyes. "A stone-painter? That's not a functional job, is it?"

"No," said the Commander. "We program some of them as artists to relieve creative tensions which might break the energic-control-pattern. Of course, he's instructed what to draw. But that makes him doubly dangerous now. If he starts thinking for himself, he'll be here before dawn tomorrow. He can't help seeing this building if he comes out of the cave."

"And reworking his Tube is an overnight process," added Three.

"Can he free others?" asked Four.

"We don't know. If he talks to them, or if he can make his stone-painting give them their own cretive energy, he might break our control over some of them. We just don't know. This is the first crisis of this nature since the Initial Riots, when we had to mutate seventy million rebels into mindlessness. After that, we could only program them to roam the surface by day and stay out of the caves."

"Maybe he won't get past the mutants," said Six.

"We can't count on that. The mutants have never seen a large number of cave-dwellers at once. If he brings enough people with him, the mutants may shy away."

"Seven," said the Commander, "get a message to the Computer Asteroid. Tell them to program everyone in Gamma Cave Earth to stop stone-painter 3346589 if he tries to leave the cave. Five, man the Laser Gun at ground level entrance to the building. Fire on anything that comes on the Ground-radar."

"Impossible, Sir. There are hundreds of mutants in this area. How can I distinguish between 3346589 and them on the radar screen?"

"You blast anything that moves over a hundred yards in this direction in a straight line; mutants won't do that. Remember, all of you: if these people get in here and start smashing Tubes, we could all be wiped out."

"I don't think it can come to that," said Two. "But the thing to do is to get that Tube reworked and regain control of his mind."

"If we have time," said the Commander.

II.

Stone-Painter looked at the curious thing he had painted on the wall of the cave. His pinkish eyes squinted in the pulsing flash of the torch light as he wondered what he had drawn and why he had created it. Stickmen stared back at him; he had drawn stickmen before, but these were different. Certain areas of their bodies were covered with red slashes or blue streaks, which did not look like skin. Stone-Painter knew he had not seen such things before in the caves; it was the first time he had ever painted anything he had not seen.

Shadow, the girl assigned to Stone-Painter's sector of the cave, came and looked over his shoulder. Stone-Painter flexed the muscles in his back as he felt her breath.

"What have you drawn?"

"Her voice was a shock to the artist; it seemed as though he were hearing it for the first time, as though Shadow were a stranger rather than the warm and impartial pregnant-elect of his own sector. Stone-Painter turned to look at the tall girl.

"I just came from the Niche-Wall," she said with a charming smile. "The schedule says that the rest of the day and tonight are yours."

"I can use the rest," sighed Stone-Painter as he put his instruments aside and took Shadow's arm.

Together they walked to the Signout attendant, who looked up at them from a lap-full of rock candy. "Private zone?"

"Right," said Stone-Painter.

"The attendant put wedge-shaped marks into the sand with a stick.

To get to the private zone it was necessary to climb a rope ladder from the main cavern up into a small, room-sized cavelet. This chamber had its own opening onto the outside world so that those using private zone could have fresh air and a view of the stars at night. All cave dwellers believed that starlight influenced fertility; moments spent in the private zone were therefore treasured, because aside from the physical aspect, each person who went there felt a deep sense of doing something for his fellows.

High in the side of a hill, the mouth of the cave also afforded an excellent vantage point for observation of the mindless mutants as they fought each other in their insane scramble for food on the surface below. Shadow and Stone-Painter watched the deformed creatures for perhaps half an hour.

"They really disgust me," said Shadow.

"Did you ever think how lucky we are?" mused Stone-Painter. "What if we had been born one of those things?"

Shadow looked up at his face with mild amazement. "What a weird idea!"

"Yes, isn't it?" laughed Stone-Painter. And it suddenly occured to him that it *was* a strange thought. He saw one of the mutants groping for a root in the blackened soil. "He looks very much like one of us," he murmured.

"What are you saying?" asked Shadow. "Let's go inside. They frighten me if I watch them very long."

"I wonder why they never try to come into the caves."

Day passed into evening and a dark wind from the night valleys came across the stark landscape bearing the cries of shrieking hounds and the screams of mutants who fell into a radiation pool or the clutches of a surface animal. Shadow and Stone-Painter, seated with their feet dangling over the ledge, held hands and looked into the distance where the sun had gone. A dense cloud lay low on the horizon, and Stone-Painter fancied the figures of dancing children in the gray-black masses.

He whispered closely into the ear of the raven-haired girl. "Can you see them?"

"What?" spoke Shadow softly, running her pale eyes along the jagged edge of the world, as if trying to catch the movement of some night creature.

"Anything. In the clouds. Can't you see the shapes of children in those clouds?"

But the girl's eyes were closed.

"Shadow?"

"Stone-Painter — I just had a strange sensation. I don't know why, but I suddenly had the urge to . . . to stop you if you tried to leave the cave."

Stone-Painter watched the horizon.

Downstairs in the main cavern, a Rope-Maker was chatting with the Signout attendant. "I suppose this is Stone-Painter's night with the girl."

"That's odd; the same thing just occured to me. And I see that I signed them out this afternoon. Funny."

Rope-Maker walked down the main passage, nodding to his friends as they passed. He came to the wall where Stone-Painter had been working, and pursed his lips as he admired the strange painting.

Stone-Painter was etching lines onto the floor of the private zone with a sharp rock; Shadow, on her knees, held a torch for him, the light from which flicked off her warm skin and made her look like

an angel leaning out of eternal darkness.

"What do you think it is?" asked the artist.

"I don't know. It really doesn't look like anything."

She added hastily, "But it's very nice."

Stone-Painter wiped the back of his wrist across his chin. He held his etching stone in the open palm of his right hand and offered it to Shadow. "Did you ever try to draw something?"

"Never. I wouldn't know what to draw."

"Try your hand. I'll hold the torch."

Shadow took the stone. "I don't know anything to draw."

Stone-Painter knelt close beside her, holding the torch above the smooth floor. "Draw what you like most."

Shadow made a line in the floor of the cave. Then she rose quickly, took the torch from Stone-Painter, and extinguished it against the wall.

"What's the matter?"

Her voice was in the dark room. A faint glow came from the mouth of the cave. "Stone-Painter . . . don't go out of the cave. Don't leave."

Stone-Painter took her bare arms. "I'm not going anywhere. What's got into you? Besides . . ." and he looked at the stars through the entrance-way . . . "why not, if I wanted to?"

Shadow was crying.

Shouts came from below, at the foot of the rope ladder. "Where is he? Stone-Painter! are you up there? Come down here!"

Stone-Painter put his hand in the long strands of hair that fell down Shadow's satin back. "We're going to have to leave here. Both of us."

He pulled the rope ladder up with his hands and left it in a pile.

"What do you mean?" said Shadow.

"Can't you hear it in their voices? They're after me."

"You don't understand. They just don't want you to go outside the cave."

"I know. Can you tell me why not?"

She was silent.

"I have never," said the Stone-Painter, "never before wondered what was out there. Something is wrong here; I don't know what it is. Why should they all be trying to stop me?"

"I don't know, I don't know," she wept.

"Are you coming with me?"

She touched his chest with her fingers. They were soft, warm, and gentle in the night air.

"Stone-Painter!" they shouted. "Come down here! Don't go out! Shadow! Stop him! Throw down the ladder! Do you hear?"

Stone-Painter and Shadow climbed out of the mouth of the cave and slid down the hill. In the distance, towering above the horizon, was a dimly gleaming metal object, bigger than the mountains.

"What is it?" asked Shadow breathlessly.

"It's where we are going. We have to get there before daylight. At dawn the mutants will be looking for food."

Swiftly they moved across the ragged surface, half-running, half-walking; they did not notice the damage the rough edges of small craters did to their feet. The metal thing reached wonderfully into the sky ahead of them, as if it had conquered the universe. Its presence seemed to symbolize the entire new way of looking at the world which had so recently come to Stone-Painter. His urge was almost to stop and draw it on the side of a large rock, thus proclaiming his mood of adventure which felt in his mind like the air of the outside world felt to his body: fresh and alive.

Their worst fear now was of stumbling across a sleeping mutant who would raise his maddening shrieks and summon his neighbors into a half-blind circle of grasping limbs. Shadow tripped on a stone, and Stone-Painter picked it up for a weapon; a prowling night animal or a half-human terror could be only a few yards away in the darkness.

By a straight course they made their way in the direction of the metal structure, not stopping to rest. But time had passed unnoticed back in the private zone: before they were half the distance, the land had begun to lighten. Smoke rose from the ground and glowed faintly as if in anticipation of the coming day.

"I'm out of breath," said Shadow. "But the ground-smoke is so wonderful. I want to chase it and try to catch it!"

Stone-Painter noticed that they were on a long expanse of flat ground. They had let themselves be caught by daylight, hundreds of yards from the nearest hill or group of protective rocks.

"There's no time for play; we've got to walk faster."

From behind them came a cold and terrible moaning.

"They've heard us! Run as fast as you can!"

The food cry of a surface creature was unmistakable. They sprinted forward, needing desperately to get out of range of the mutant's moaning before others ahead were alerted; outrunning a lone mutant was no problem, but the noise he made would call the attention of everything within a thousand feet. Faster they ran, their bare feet slapping on the uneven ground. A numbing chill spread through Stone-Painter's legs as he heard the moaning taken up a short distance to the right of them, then to the left. He clutched Shadow's arm, bruising her flesh, and ran harder. Then he could see them on both sides scuttling along the ground, some bent so terribly that one arm dragged beside as they ran in pursuit, not knowing what they were after but tracking their prey by the direction of the loudest cries. Stone-Painter hurled his rock and

hit a mutant in the head. The mutants who could not keep pace because of their deformities dropped out and threw stones in the direction of the roar.

They were everywhere. Shadow screamed as she saw them coming from ahead, from all sides, as if they had been waiting. Yelping and hurling stones, the attack-crazed mutants closed in, trying to grab an arm, a leg, anything to capture their food. As Stone-Painter urged Shadow to run harder, a mangled arm caught his leg and he felt an overwhelming panic unlike anything he had ever known; he kicked at what must have been a face. Filthy, sweating, grasping arms and hands were all around them, tearing at their flesh as they tried to fight their way through. Rocks pounded Stone-Painter and Shadow; unseen missiles from nowhere flew into their faces, their chests. As they went down under the brutal force, Stone-Painter tried to cover and protect Shadow with his body. The mutants pushed and clawed at each other in a frenzied scramble for the right to their helpless prey.

III.

Planner Six, who had relieved Five, sat in the entrance room at the Laser Gun control panel, his trained eye fixed upon the Ground-radar screen. Two small dots appeared on the matted screen and moved steadily toward the center. When he had assured himself that the dots represented two human-sized figures wending a straight path for the Station, Six began twirling knobs on the Laser panel. He switched on the main power-force. A soft throb came through the floor as the Neptunic reactors deep underground fed energy into the direct cable. Six trained the Laser on the two dots and reached for a bright yellow lever.

Suddenly there were three dots on the screen, then eight, then two-hundred. Alarmed, Six adjusted the controls and turned the Laser on Fullsweep.

One hand on the yellow lever, Six buzzed the Permanent Control Tube Chamber. The voice of Commander Billings came over the speaker. "What is it, Six?"

"Sir, there are about two-hundred dots on my screen, all coming in this direction."

"Our cave dweller must have united everyone in his cave before the control message from the Computer Asteroid got through. We have no choice; blast them with the Laser."

"Yes, Sir!" Six turned off the interoom and pulled the yellow lever.

A blue streak shot out of the towering metal building and across the surface. The mutants, just having caught Stone-Painter and Shadow, were for the most part cut in half by the deadly beam. The ones who were not instantly killed ran madly in all directions. Stone-Painter and the girl stayed flat against the ground until the Laser beam lashed back into the building.

Six watched the screen for five minutes, then buzzed the Commander. "Six reporting, Sir. About forty dots survived, and they're in a state of total confusion."

"Good work, Six. Three tells me the Tube will be down here in twenty minutes. If the stone-painter is still alive, he can't possibly regain his senses and get there before his Tube is back in its socket. We have orders from Computer Asteroid to tangle his mind permanently once we have regained control."

Six shut off the Laser power and the radar screen, and the throbbing in the floor died; then he thoughtaramped to the Tube Chamber to assist the other planners.

Stone-Painter rose to his knees and looked toward the metal structure three-hundred yards away.

Shadow groaned. "What are we going to do?"

"There's only one thing we can do. Get to the metal thing. Whoever lives there has saved us from the mutants with their miraculous power. They must be waiting now for us to come! Are you all right? Can you walk?"

"My whole body is bruised," said Shadow, taking Stone-Painter's arm to pull herself up. "But if it means getting away from the mutants, I can run!" She brushed the dirt from herself.

They walked at a fast clip toward the towering building, not looking back, thinking only of the new friends inside who had rescued them from a horrible death. The early morning sun warmed their backs as they made their way across the jagged rocks. Inside seven minutes they stood at the bottom of Earth Station. Both leaned back to see the top of the monstrous building, which seemed to waver in the sunlit air above their heads; both touched with wonder the smooth, hard walls that ran in a circle. Walking around the base of the building, they soon came to the entrance-hole. As they stepped inside, they found themselves in a narrow circular corridor. Their human weight caused an electronic door to slide open, granting them access to the ground level room which housed the Laser controls and the ground-radar-screen. Shadow sat delightedly in the strange chair before the instrument panel.

"There's no one here," she said.

"This place is very big. Perhaps they are higher up, in the top."

Shadow cast her eye around the room and saw the thoughtaramp. "What's that?" She pointed.

Stone-Painter signaled her to stay put with a flick of his hand. He walked cautiously to the thoughtaramp, then stood above an orange patch on the floor. "It's very strange."

Shadow bit her lower lip and played in the swiveling chair.

Stone-Painter put his hands on his hips and wondered about the friendly people he had assumed were in the metal thing. He tried to

think where they could be.

Shadow stared in horror at the spot where Stone-Painter had stood an instant ago.

IV.

Commander Billings looked up as Three and Four came down the Tube Corridor bearing 3346589's Permanent Control Tube gingerly between them in forceps.

"Hurry it up! He may have his cave dwellers regrouped by now."

"No problem, Sir. In thirty seconds our stone-painter will have the biggest and last headache of his life."

They set the Tube down on the edge of the shelf; Four adjusted his collar. "I still say there was no need to give the tangle order. That hasn't been done since the Initial Riots, when most of the populace was in rebellion. Remember that the planners who instituted the Transformation were wiped out because of such tactics. It's a dangerous precedent."

The Commander glared. "It's not your decision, Four. In Computer Asteroid's judgment the situation is too serious to chance any slip-up. We wouldn't want to spend another three Christmarxes on Earth, would we?"

This loosened their nerves, and the planners began to laugh. Then Five saw the bare man who had been standing in front of the thoughtaramp.

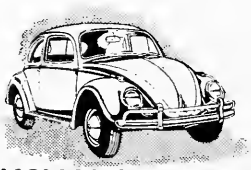
Stone-Painter stared at the men and the cloudy Tube in disbelief. The Transformation! Christmas! The Thought-Control Movement! A universe came rushing back to his mind as he stood near the men who had imprisoned mankind and were now prepared to destroy him completely! Daniel Maefield — Stone-Painter — lept forward and was blocked by the Commander and Two. Three and Four took the Tube carefully and sweated to move it the five yards to its socket. Stone-Painter threw Billings to the floor and kicked at him as Two tried to hold his arms. Breaking free, he chopped Two in the neck with the edge of his hand. Four let Three have the Tube and turned on the violent cave dweller, who grabbed an electro zip-wrench from its hangar wire and hit him in the chest with it. Four crumpled to the floor. The Tube in its socket, Three reached for the switch and the maximum energic thrust buttons below the Tube Cabinet. Stone-Painter paused to look at the grotesque glass Tube which held the key to his mind. As he swung the wrench to smash it, a searing pain laced through his head. Parts of his brain exploded into bubbles as he dropped the wrench. He fell and twitched slowly, his mouth dripping saliva.

Three stepped quickly to help the Commander up; Billings looked at the creature on the floor, which smelled like a dead fire. "Get him out of here," he muttered, trying to fight the nausea. He leaned against the railing until Three had summoned the other planners. Three and Seven lifted the mindless body of 3346589 between their shoulders.

"Men," said Billings, "another five minutes and all our work would have been destroyed. But thank Infinity, with all the New Tubes installed, this can never happen again! Now get him out. Throw him out on the ground for the animals."

Three and Seven dragged the stone-painter over to the thoughtaramp plate and were instantly on ground level. The green-clad men saw a naked, black-haired girl scream and run out the entranceway, into the blind world among the mutants.

■ ■ ■



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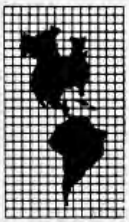

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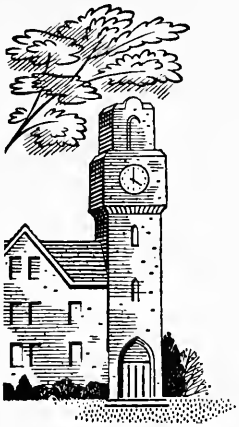

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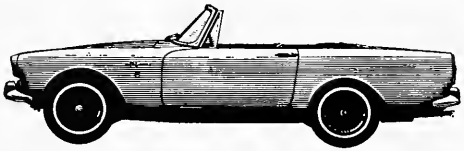

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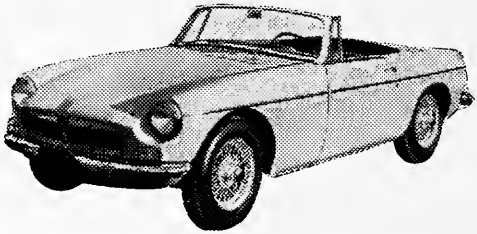

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